And ſtep, I haue aduanct thee, if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes, know thou this that men
Are as the time is, to be tender minded
Does not become a ſword, thy great imployment
Will not beare queſtion, either ſay thout do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.
*Cap.* Ile do't my Lord.
*Baſt.* About it, and write happy when thou haſt don,
Marke I ſay inſtantly, and carie it ſo
As I haue ſet it downe.
*Cap.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dride oats,
If it bee mans worke ile do't.

*Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others.*

*Alb.* Sir you haue ſhewed to day your valiant ſtrain,
And Fortune led you well you haue the captiues
That were the oppoſites of this dayes ſtrife,
We doe require then of you, ſo to vſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits, and our ſafty
May equally determine.
*Baſt.* Sir I thought it fit,
To ſaue the old and miſerable King to ſome retention,
Whoſe age has charmes in it, whoſe title more
To pluck the coren boſſom of his ſide,
And turne our impreſt launces in our eyes
Which doe commaund them, with him I ſent the queen
My reaſon, all the ſame and they are readie to morrow,
Or at further ſpace, to appeare where you ſhall hold
Your ſeſſion at this time, mee ſweat and bleed,
The friend hath loſt his friend, and the beſt quarrels
In the heat are curſt, by thoſe that feele their ſharpes,
The queſtion of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place.
*Alb.* Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubiect of this warre, not as a brother.
*Reg.* That's as we liſt to grace him,
Me thinkes our pleaſure ſhould haue beene demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo farre, he led our powers,





Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The which immediate may well ſtand vp,
And call it ſelfe your brother.
*Gono.* Not ſo hot, in his owne grace hee doth exalt himſelfe more then in your aduancement.
*Reg.* In my right by me inueſted he com-peers the beſt.
*Gon.* That were the moſt, if hee ſhould husband you.
*Reg.* Ieſters doe oft proue Prophets.
*Gon.* Hola, hola, that eye that told you ſo, lookt but a ſquint.
*Reg.* Lady I am not well, els I ſhould anſwere
From a full flowing ſtomack, Generall
Take thou my ſouldiers, priſoners, patrimonie,
Witnes the world that I create thee here
My Lord and maiſter.
*Gon.* Meane you to inioy him then?
*Alb.* The let alone lies not in your good will.
*Baſt.* Nor in thine Lord.
*Alb.* Halfe blouded fellow, yes.
*Baſt.* Let the drum ſtrike, and proue my title good.
*Alb.* Stay yet, heare reaſon, *Edmund* I arreſt thee
On capitall treaſon, and in thine attaint,
This gilded Serpent, for your claime faire ſiſter
I bare it in the intereſt of my wife,
Tis ſhe is ſubcontracted to this Lord
And I her husband contradict the banes,
If you will mary, make your loue to me,
My Lady is beſpoke, thou art arm'd *Gloſter*,
If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge, ile proue it on thy heart
Ere I taſt bread, thou art in nothing leſſe
Then I haue here proclaimd thee.
*Reg.* Sicke, ô ſicke.
*Gon.* If not, ile ne're truſt poyſon.
*Baſt.* Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traytor, villain-like he lies,
Call by thy trumpet, he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine